GAISFORD PRIZE

GREEK VERSE

1907

BY

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BAIN

EXHIBITIONER OF CHRIST CHURCH

OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 & 51 BROAD STREET

1907

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BYRON'S
MARINO FALIERO

ACT IV, SCENE II

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK TRAGIC IAMBICS

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ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΑΞ

ΛΟΧΑΓΟΣ

ΣΑΡΟΕΔΡ.

p 13020

BYRON'S 'MARINO FALIERO'

Act iv, Scene ii

Doge (*solus*). He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life. 'T is done.
Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment, poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak. Thou day!
That slowly walk'st the waters! march—march on—
I would not smite i' the dark, but rather see
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea waves!
I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too,
With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,
While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious:
Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no
Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Unto that horrible incarnadine,
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?
I, who was named Preserver of the City?
I, at whose name the million's caps were flung
Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,

ΑΝΑΞ. Φροῦδος βέβηκε θανάσιμον πολλοῖς βάσιν.
ταῦτ' οὖν πέπρακται· νῦν ἐπιζαρεῖ χθόνα
δαίμων πανώλης, πημάτων δ' ἔθ' ἵσταται
πλημμυρίδ' ἴσχων, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ μέσῳ
θήρευμ' ἀθρήσας ἀετὸς βραχὺν χρόνον
τανυπτέροις ῥιπαῖσιν αἰωρούμενος
ψαίρει τὸν αἰθέρ', εἶτα δ' ἐνσκήπτει κάτω
χηλαῖς ἀφύκτοις. ὦ βάδην κλυδώνια
φῶς ἐμβατεῦον, δεῦρ' ἴθ' οὑρίῳ δρόμῳ·
οὐ γάρ τι νυκτός, ἀλλ' ἐν ἡλίου φάει
τύπτειν θέλοιμ' ἄν, ὥστε μὴ ἀμπλακεῖν σκοποῦ.
σὲ δ', ὦ κυάνεον οἶδμα ποντίας ἁλός,
ἥδη σ' ἐρυθρᾷ κοὐκ ἀναιμάκτῳ βαφῇ
εἶδον μιανθὲν βαρβάροις ἐγχωρίων
νεκροῖσι μικτῶν, ἐκ δ' ὑπερτέρας χερός.
φοίνικι δ' ἀνθεῖν νῦν χρεών σ' ἀκηράτῳ,
ὡς οὐκ ἐκεῖν' ἂν αἱματῶδες ἀλλόθρου
σφαγῆς μύσαγμα τήνδε προσσαίνοι πόλιν·
φίλοι δὲ κἀχθροὶ πάντες ἐμφύλῳ στάσει
φύρδην πεσοῦνται. καὶ δεκασπόρους χρόνους
ὀκτὼ τοιῶνδ' ἄρ' οὕνεκ' ἀντλήσας ἔχω,
(ἔγωγ' ὁ σωτὴρ τῆς πόλεως κεκλημένος,
οὗ τοὔνομ' ἄνδρες δημόται πίλους ἄνω
ἦκαν κλύοντες, μυριοπληθοῦς τ' ἀπὸ
γλώσσης ἀνέστη θεοὺς ἱκνουμένων βοή,

And fame, and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, black within the calendar,
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown;
I will resign a crown, and make the state
Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means?
The noble end must justify them. What
Are a few drops of human blood? 't is false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 't is time to give them to the tombs
Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
And slay as if Death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make the sword superfluous?
And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm,
Yet send so many heralds on before me?—
I must not ponder this. [*A pause.*
Hark! was there not
A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison?
What phantoms even of sound our wishes raise!

ζηλωτὸν εὐαίωνα προσνεῖμαι βίον
ἐσθλήν τε δόξαν), ἦμαρ ὡς τοιόνδ' ὁρῶ;
τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ δέ, κἂν ὅμως ἀποφρὰς[1] ᾖ,
χρυσοῦς τις αἰὼν εὔδιος μεθέψεται.
Δόλων γὰρ ἐνενηκοστὸν εἰς θέρος μολὼν
ἄστη τε πέρσας σκῆπτρ' ὅμως ἠνήνατο·
κἀγὼ παρήσω σκῆπτρα τήνδε γῆν πάλιν
ἐλευθερώσων. τῷ τρόπῳ δ' ἐργαστέον;
βούλησις ὀρθὴ πάντ' ἂν ἀγνίσαι. τί μήν;
παρ' οὐδὲν ἔσται βαιὰ δὴ σταλάγματα
σφαγῆς βροτείας. ἀλλ' ἀπὸ σκοποῦ λέγω,
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν αἷμ' ἔφυ τυραννικόν·
κεῖνοι μὲν οὖν ὅπως τις ἀνδροβρὼς Κύκλωψ
ἔσθουσιν ἡμᾶς, ἔστ' ἂν εὐκαίρῳ βίᾳ
καὐτοὶ συνεισέλθωσι πολύανδρον τάφον.
ὦ γαῖα μῆτερ, ἄθλιόν τ' ἀνδρῶν γένος,
τίνες ποτ' ὄντες πρὸς τί κἀξοχωτάτας
μήδεσθε βουλάς, αἱματηρὸν αἵματος
δανεισμὸν ἐκπράξαντες ἀγρίῳ ξίφει;
πλείους γὰρ Ἅιδου τῆσδ' ἔχοντος εἰσόδους,
χεῖρ' ἂν ξιφουλκὸν παῦρα πληθύοντ' ἔτη
θείη περισσήν. κᾆτα νερτέρων χθονὸς
ἐγγὺς καταστάς, πλῆθος ἀγγέλων ὅμως
τόσον προπέμπω. ταῦτα δ' οὐ καιρὸς φρονεῖν.
ἔα. ἆρ' οὐ ψοφεῖ τις ὥσπερεὶ φωνημάτων
τηλωπὸς ἠχή, καὶ σὺν εὐρύθμῳ βάσει
ἀνδρῶν ἄρειον δοῦρο χριμπτόντων πόδα;
ὡς δ' ἐξέλαμψε κἀκ κτύπου φαντάσματα

[1] ἀποφράδες ἡμέραι (=*dies nefasti*), Plat. *Legg.* 800 D, Lys. *Fr.* 31.

It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfullest and last
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! silent still?
I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering of the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 't will be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken:
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover.——Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? hath he sped?
They here!—all 's lost—yet will I make an effort.

Enter a SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT, *with Guards, &c. &c.*

Sig. Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!

Doge. Me!
Thy prince, of treason?—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?

εὐχαῖς συνῳδ'. οὐκ ἔστιν· οὐκ ἔκλαγξέ πω
τὸ σῆμα· καίτοι σῑγ' ἔχον θαυμάζεται.
ἀδελφιδοῦ γὰρ ὧδ' ὁδοιπορεῖν ἐχρῆν
πομπόν, στρόφιγγι δ' ἐν βαρεῖ μυκώμενον
πύλωμ' ἴσως νῦν αὐτὸς ὀρθίου πέλας
ἀνέῳξε πύργου, στυγνὸν ἔνθα κρήμναται
χρηστηρίου κώδωνος ἄπλατον μένος,
ὡς πλεῖστ' ἄναυδον, ἀλλ' ἀμηχάνοις κακοῖς
πόλεως νοσούσης ἢ θανόντος ἀρχέτου,
δείν' ἐκβοῶν μαντεύματ'. ἐνδίκως δὲ νῦν
τοῦθ' ὕστατον γήρυμα φρικωδέστατον
πύργωμα σείοι κἀξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων.
τί σιγᾷ[1];
στείχοιμ' ἂν ἔξω, τήνδε μὴ φρουράν γ' ἔχων
ζεύξων μεσήρης ταῦτα θἀμιλλώμενα,
ἀφ' ὧν τοιάδε κρᾶσις, ἔν τ' αἰχμῶν κλόνῳ
τὰ μὴ σθένοντα τλημόνως ξυναρμόσων.
ἦν γὰρ μάχωνται, τῇδ' ὑπώροφον θέρος
Ἄρης ἀμήσει βασιλικοῖς ἐν δώμασιν.
τήνδ' οὖν φυλάξω τάξιν, ὡς ῥάψας ἐγὼ
τὰ πάντα. καὶ μὴν συγγενοῦς παρ' ἀλκίμου
ὅδ' ἄγγελος δεῦρ' ἀρτίπους πορεύεται.
τί νέον; ἐλαύνει; κοῦφον ἐξῆρεν πόδα;
οἴμοι· πάρεισιν ἐχθροί. πάντ' ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.

ΛΟΧΑΓΟΣ.

ὦναξ, πόλιν προδόντα σ' εἰς δίκην ἄγω.

ΑΝ. ποίαν τυράννου προδοσίαν κατηγορῶν;
τίνες γὰρ οἱ τολμῶντες οἰκεῖον δόλον
λάθρᾳ καλύπτειν τῷδε τῷ προστάγματι;

[1] Cf. Soph. *O. C.* 1271.

Sig. (*showing his order*). Behold my order from the assembled Ten.

Doge. And *where* are they, and *why* assembled? no
Such council can be lawful, till the prince
Preside there, and that duty 's mine: on thine
I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me
To the council chamber.

Sig. Duke! it may not be:
Nor are they in the wonted Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.

Doge. You dare to disobey me, then?

Sig. I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully;
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.

Doge. And till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as *now* applied,
Rebellious. Hast thou weigh'd well thy life's worth,
That thus you dare assume a lawless function?

Sig. 'T is not my office to reply, but act—
I am placed here as guard upon thy person,
And not as judge to hear or to decide.

Doge (*aside*). I must gain time. So that the storm-bell sound,
All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed — speed — speed!—
Our fate is trembling in the balance, and
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and people,
Or slaves and senate—

[*The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.*

Lo! it sounds—it tolls!
(*Aloud*). Hark, Signor of the Night! and you, ye hirelings,
Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,
It is your knell—

ΛΟΧ. λάβ' οὖν ἐφετμὰς τῶν δέκ' ἐκ συνεδρίου.
ΑΝ. ποῖ τί ξυνῆλθον ; ἦ θύραζε τῶν νόμων
οὗτοι συνεδρεύουσι βασιλέως ἄνευ
ἐπιστατοῦντος, τοῦτο δ' ἔστ' ἐμὸν γέρας.
σοὶ δ', ὡς προσῆκον, ἤ μ' ἀφιέναι λέγω
ἤτοι κομίζειν πρὸς τὸ βουλευτήριον.
ΛΟΧ. οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦναξ. οὐδὲ μὴν εἰωθόσιν
ἵζουσ' ἐν οἴκοις, ἐν δὲ σωτῆρος Διός.
ΑΝ. σὺ ταῦτ' ἀπειθεῖς ὧδ' ἀπ' αὐθάδους φρενός ;
ΛΟΧ. πόλεως γὰρ ὢν λάτρευμα λατρεύσω καλῶς·
οἱ δ' ἐν τέλει μοι τοῦτ' ἐπέσκηψαν τέλος.
ΑΝ. καὶ ταῦτα μὴ σφραγῖδι πιστωθέντ' ἐμῇ
οὔτ' ἔννομ' ἐστὶ νῦν τε κἀπειλεῖ στάσιν.
οὔκουν πρόνοιαν ἔσχες ὡς λύει βίος,
ὅς γ' οὐ θεμιστῶς ταῦτα τολμήσας κυρεῖς ;
ΛΟΧ. ἔργων μέλει νῦν, οὐκ ἀμείβεσθαι λόγοις·
σὲ γὰρ φυλάξων τήνδε προὐστάλην ὁδόν,
κοὐχ ὥστ' ἀκούειν ἢ διακρίνειν βραβεύς.
ΑΝ. τριβῆς με δεῖ. σάλπιγξ γὰρ ἦν φωνῇ μόνον
ἡ χαλκοκώδων [1] πάντ' ἂν εὐβόλως ἔχοι.
δεῦρ' οὖν τάχυν', ὅμαιμε, σὺν σπουδῇ ποδός·
βεβήκαμεν γὰρ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης,
καὶ τοὺς δαμέντας πόλλ' ἐπαμμένει παθεῖν,
δούλους τε βουλήν τ' εἴτ' ἄνακτα καὶ λεών.
ἔα, κτύπον δέδορκα κωδωνόκροτον.
ὦ νυκτίφαντε δέσποτ', ὦ ξένων ὄχλε
μισθωτὰ νωμῶν ἐν φόβῳ βακτήρια,
κλῦθ' ὡς ἐπηχεῖ κέλαδος οὐ παίωνιος.

[1] Bacchyl. *Thes.* 2.

Swell on, thou lusty peal!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?
Sig. Confusion!
Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all 's lost
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle.
Anselmo, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with me.
[*Exit part of the Guard.*
Doge. Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy vile life, implore it;
It is not now a lease of sixty seconds.
Ay, send thy miserable ruffians forth;
They never shall return.
Sig. So let it be!
They die then in their duty, as will I.
Doge. Fool! the high eagle flies at nobler game
Than thou and thy base myrmidons,—live on,
So thou provok'st not peril by resistance,
And learn (if souls so much obscured can bear
To gaze upon the sunbeams) to be free.
Sig. And learn thou to be captive. It hath ceased,
[*The bell ceases to toll.*
The traitorous signal, which was to have set
The bloodhound mob on their patrician prey—
The knell hath rung, but it is not the senate's!
Doge (*after a pause*). All 's silent, and all 's lost!
Sig. Now, Doge, denounce me
As rebel slave of a revolted council!

χαλκόστομον μήκυνον, ὦ σάλπιγξ, βοήν.
τί νῦν, κάκιστοι, δώσεθ' ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν;

ΛΟΧ. φεῦ, φεῦ·
θύρετρ' ἐν ὅπλοις ἔχετε· πάντ' ὀλώλαμεν
ἢν μὴ τὸ δεινὸν φθέγμα σιγήσῃ ταχύ·
ὁδοῦ γὰρ ἀνὴρ δῆλος ἢ γνώμης σφαλείς,
ἤ πως ἀφράστῳ συντυχὼν κωλύματι.
τῷ σῷ μὲν οὖν πρὸς πύργον, Ἀστυάναξ, λόχῳ
εὐθεῖαν ἡγοῦ, τόνδε δ' ὡς ἔχει λίπε.

ΑΝ. ὦ φαῦλον ἦθος, ἱκεσίοις εὔχου λιταῖς
εἰ ζῆν ἔθ' ἡδύ· καὶ γὰρ ἐν σμικρᾷ ῥοπῇ
κεῖται βίος σὸς κοὐκέτ' εἰς πολὺν χρόνον.
πρὸς ταῦτα λῃστὰς τούσδε σοὺς τρισαθλίους
ἔκπεμψον, οὔποτ' αὖθις ἐμβλέψων πάλιν.

ΛΟΧ. εἶεν·
πιστοὶ θανοῦνται, κἀξ ἴσου τούτοις ἐγώ.

ΑΝ. φεῦ σῆς ἀνοίας. ἴσθι δ' οἰωνὸν Διὸς
μεῖζον διώκοντ' ἤ σε δουλίους τε σοὺς
θήρευμα λῃστάς. τοίγαρ ἐν φάει μένων,
ἐφ' ᾧτε μὴ κίνδυνον ἐκ βίας ἀρεῖ,
μάθ' (εἰ πάρεστιν ὧδε δυσγενεῖ κάρᾳ
νοεῖν τὰ γενναῖ') εἰς ἐλευθέρους τελεῖν.

ΛΟΧ. κἀς δεσμίους σύ· τοῦ γὰρ ἐχθίστου ψόφου
ἔληξ' ὁ κώδων, δῆμον οὐ κλύοντ' ἔδει
ἄγρᾳ κυνηδὸν ἐμπεσεῖν εὐπάτριδι.
ἤχησε δύσποτμ', οὐ συνεδρίῳ γε μήν.

ΑΝ. τῆσδ' ἐκ σιωπῆς πάντα τἄμ' ἐξόλλυται.

ΛΟΧ. ἀνθ' ὧνπερ, ὦναξ, δοῦλον ὥς μ' ἐπιρρόθει,
βουλῇ τ' ἀπίστῳ συμπλέκοντ' ἀναρχίαν.

Have I not done my duty?

Doge. Peace, thou thing!
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.
But thou wert sent to watch, and not to prate,
As thou said'st even now—then do thine office,
But let it be in silence, as behoves thee,
Since, though thy prisoner, I am thy prince.

Sig. I did not mean to fail in the respect
Due to your rank: in this I shall obey you.

Doge (*aside*). There now is nothing left me save to die;
And yet how near success! I would have fallen,
And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but
To miss it thus!——

ἆρ᾽ οὐκ ἐφάνθην τοὐμὸν εὖ πράξας μέρος;
ΑΝ. ὦ θρέμμ᾽ ἀναιδές, οὐχὶ κοιμήσεις στόμα;
εὖ δὴ πέπρακται, τἀπίχειρα δ᾽ αἵματος
δώσουσιν οἱ στείλαντες ὡς κατ᾽ ἀξίαν.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ λαλεῖν γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ φρουρεῖν πρέπει,
ὡς εἶπας ἄρτι, σόν νυν ἐκτέλει χρέος,
σιγῇ γε μέντοι, καὶ γὰρ οὖν σιγᾶν δίκη
πρὸς γοῦν ἄνακτα καίπερ ὄντα δέσμιον.
ΛΟΧ. δράσω τάδ᾽, οὐχ ἑκὼν ποτ᾽ ἐλλιπὼν τὸ μὴ
τιμὴν πρέπουσαν σῇ νέμειν σκηπτουχίᾳ.
ΑΝ. νῦν οὐδὲν ἄλλο λοιπὸν ἢ θανεῖν μάτην
νίκῃ πρὸς αὐτῇ. καὶ γὰρ εὐτόλμως πεσεῖν
τῷ πάντ᾽ ἀριστεύσαντι κῦδος ἐμπολᾷ,
ἀλλ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἁμαρτεῖν πῆμα πήματος πλέον.

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